

Our House.

The Children had a cousin in London, named Charley Moore. And one day the post-man brought Ned a letter from his Cousin Charley, which said:-

Tell me all about your house. Father says I may come and see you some day; so I want to know what sort of a place it is your home is.

Ned could write very nicely, & his mother told him how to spell the hard words: so he soon had a letter ready to pop into the post office. This was what it said:

My dear ^{cousin} Charley,

I wonder if you will like our house when you come; we all like it, ~~you know, because~~ it is our home. There are two pea-cok's feather-ers over the fire-place, and two china dogs, & a ^{with red legs} hump-back, and Dick's pretty mug. That is in the kitchen where we ~~all~~ live. Mother's big rock-ing chair is there, and we all get into it and have a good rock. We have a shelf for our play-things; and I have got such a big hump-back-top, you shall spin it when you come. We go up-stairs to bed. Dick ~~as~~ sleeps in a junny little room where no ceiling comes down to the floor. When it is winter the stars shine through our window, and we say, twinkle, twinkle.

your loving Cousin
Ned Brown.

The Star.

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Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When the nesting chores upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
When the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny sparkle;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Yet often through my window keep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright but tiny sparkle
Lightes the traveller in the dark,
I know not what you are
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor.

'All round our House'

Mr. Brown laugh. ed when he read Ned's letter; and said, "Do they all you could tell Charley about the house? Run out into the garden, now, and see what you can find to say about the out-sides of your home."

So all the children ran off into the garden first, when they stop-ped to have a good look at every-thing. Then they open-ed the gate, and cross-ed the road to the green ^{there} ~~round~~ again. Dog stop-ped to have ~~at~~ ^{then they} ~~then they~~ to keep the house.

Then in they ran, all speak-ing at once, so ~~much~~ ^{that} a father had to cry out; one at a time, and the little ones first!

There are roses all over the house! And there are flowers in the win-dows. You can see the table when the door is open. There is a garden in front with wall-flowers and old man in it. There is a big dog at the gate," said little Dick: at which the rest laugh-ed, be-cause they knew the dog would not stay there always.

And there is a road out-sides, & a green over the way there is all play, with many. And what have we on each side of us? Oh, yes! Hart lives on one side, & Mrs. Green on the other, & there is her lit-tle Kitty trot-ting about in the gar-den.

We never thought of the back! cried Ned. as away they ran ^{again} & from came back to tell of a garden with grove-ber-ry bushes in it; and three bee-hives ^{at least} on a shelf, and sticks in a cage hang-ing out in the sun; and a dog ⁱⁿ more things besides.

The English Girl.

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Sporting on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.
Now, within her umble door,
Sweeping clean her kitchen floor;
While upon the wall, so white,
Hang her coppers, polished bright.

Many never idle sits;
She either sews, or spins, or binds,
Hard she labours all the week,
With sparkling eye along cheeks.

And on Sunday, many falls,
Neatly dressed, in decent clothes,
Says her prayers (a constant rule),
And hastens to the Sunday school.

Oh! how good should we be found,
Who live on happy English ground,
Then rich and poor and wretched may
All learn to walk in Morris way!

Jane Taylor.

'Our Village'

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Green gap, the village where the little Browns live, is a pleasant place.

The cottages are all on one side of the street; and they are white, or yet low; and the front of every cottage is covered ^{with} roses or other plants that have flowers.

In front of every cottage there is a long, narrow garden full of sweet smelling flowers.

Mr. Bid-dy keeps the shop; and she sells every thing. Bread & bacon, meat & flour, brots & glaz-ed, & bl-li-pops for the little folks; what-ever you want, you may buy of Mr. Bid-dy.

The Church stands at the top of the village. The black rooks build their nests in the church yard trees, and cry, Caw! caw! to the people who come to church.

But you can hardly hear the rooks; the bells make such a noisy noise. They say, Come to church! Do not loiter!

You'll be late!

At the other end of the vil-lage, there is a blacksmith's forge; where you may stand out-side watch the red sparks fly up like as the smith hammer-s at a horse-shoe.

But the best place of all is the village green. There are black-berry bushes on the green; and there are purple bushes with sweet yellow blossoms which you can not get at because of the prickles. And here the boys play crick-et in the evenings, and the girls have a play at ring, or tag.

Poppy Play & Girls' Play.

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'Now, let's have a game of play.
Lucy, Jane, & little May.
I will be a grizzly bear,
Roaring here and prowling there;
Sniffing round around about,
Till I find you children out;
And my dreadful den shall be
Deep within the hot, low tree.'

'Oh, no! please not, Robert dear,
Do not be a grizzly bear:
Little May was half afraid
When she heard the noise you made,
Roaring like a lion strong,
Just now as you came along;
And she'll scream and start to-night,
If you put her away right.'

'You've your play, and we have ours.
Go and climb the tree again.
I, and little May, and Jane,
Are so happy with our flowers.
Jane is collecting fox-glove bells,
May and I are making posies,
And we want to search the hills
For the latest summer roses.'

Mrs. Hawtrey.

I have never been in-side your school, Ned; tell me what it is like.

You know what it looks like out-side, father?

Oh, yes; I know the red school-house with its big open windows. Some times I ~~step~~^{stand} out-side to listen to a morning song, or to the hum of lessons. And sometimes when I pass, you noisy children are in the play-ground, having great fun.

But Ned is not fun in-side; we work away at our sums and our arithmetic. And if ~~you~~^{we} stop to play, why another boy ~~gets~~^{has} down first, and gets above you.

But we had ~~such~~^{great} fun in school yester-day.

You know, father, our long desks go all down the school: the first class is at the top windows, and our class ~~is~~^{at} the bottom. And master's desk is in the

middle of the room, so that he can see us ~~as~~^{all} stand in our desks.

Well, just in front of master's desk there is a stool; and if a boy does not know his lessons he stands on that stool.

You Gur-jin did not know his spell-ing lesson yester-day, & master called him out, and he was just stepping up on to the stool, when funny little Kitty Green came trotting across the floor & pulled the stool away by its leg; so that down came poor Gur-jin, flat upon his back. We all laugh'd so hard we could not go on with our spell-ing.

Work and Play.

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Work while you work, & play,
while you play.

That is the way to be happy all day,
That is the way to be cheerful & gay

All that you do, do with your might!
Keep this in mind from morning
till night!
Things done by halves are never
done right.

One thing at a time, and that does well,
Let the best of all rules, as all wise
men tell:

Let this ring in your head as clear
as a bell.

Moments are useless if trifled away;
Keep this in mind through the
live-long day;

So work while you work, & play while
you play.

Charley Moore was not well, and the doctor said the ~~would be~~ best thing would be for him to go to the country for ^{the} month or two. In the country world he could do ^{him good.} Charley was very glad; Mr. H said: Now I shall see my cows and my ^{the} play in the fields, and gather flowers and blackberries. And he made his mother tell him all about green gap; for Mrs. Moore had lived there when she was a little girl.

When Charley went to school he whispered
to the boy next him: I am going to
open-jap! And when play-time came, the
boys set round him in a crowd, and he
told them all his mother had told
him about the green and green country,
and the woods, & the flowers, & the birds,
& the green fields.

Johnny Wilcon, a little lame boy with a white face, began to cry; and the wife ~~wanted~~
that was the matter with him. But poor
little Johnny had never seen as much
as a ^{yellow} green buttercup growing; and he
longed for the green fields as much as
any boy longs for his dinner. So
that was why he cried.

Johny lived in a court, and so did Charley
and most of the boys in their school. There
were houses on both sides of the way; and
lines across, when the clothes ^{were} hung out to dry.
And there were places between the houses where
the babies & little children sat a bout, ~~and~~
the boys playes ~~and~~ ^{were} all together. And when you get
out of the court you are in a noisy street. And
you walk all day long you can hardly get along the
street, there are so many of them.